The Nation

Rebiews.

THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA.

"The English Drama in the Age of Shakespeare." By Wilhelm Creizenach. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 18s. net.)

THE achievement of Dr. Creizenach, formerly Professor at the University of Cracow, is the more remarkable because the present volume is only the fourth of his "Geschichte des neuren Dramas." The reader at once expects to be rushed down into a quagmire of detail relating only to some specialized chapter or portion of a vast historical treatise, to the rest of which he has no access. But this fourth volume is nothing of the kind. It is not only a properly arranged and correlated entity in itself, but it discusses and disposes of all the cardinal points about the Elizabethan drama which ought to be intrinsically interesting to the student of literature. True, Dr. Creizenach has collected a pretty for-midable mass of detail, and his treatment hardly extends beyond 1610, thus leaving nearly forty years unaccounted in which the Renaissance drama, dominated by Massinger, Ford, and Shirley, hurried into its final eclipse. There is really no objection at all to this confined area. Nearly a hundred dramatists are contained within it, each with his distinctive personality and method (Heywood "had a chief finger" in 220 plays, of which twenty-three survive); the romantic drama developed out of the primitive interlude, morality, and spectacle of legend and chivalry into the modernism of Middleton and Webster between 1580 and 1610, and there is obviously a complete cycle of revolution between the Shakespeare of "Love's Labor Lost" and "The Tempest." No, the surprising thing about this volume is that Dr. Creizenach has gathered this immensely baffling panorama of literary excitement into an orderly compass. Recent treatises on the Elizabethan drama implicitly acknowledge the almost insoluble difficulty of judicious internal criticism. Lamb and his fellows vindicated the romantic drama from the classical contempt of the eighteenth century; the late Victorians purged the school of Lamb of any revivalist extravagance, and set on foot the theory of poetic passages of "splendid isolation," regardless of dramatic structure and relevance. There, indeed, the matter rests, and nowadays we are treated to barren controversies about externals-whether or no the Elizabethan stage had a primitive or elaborate setting, and the like. But Dr. Creizenach has, with masterly ease and familiarity, examined the literary equation anew-to what extent the drama relied upon or departed from tradition; what were its conventions, wherein was contributed the morality, social ideas, and literary preferences of the dramatist, what was the attitude of society to him and his to the infinite variety of his material, what divergent tendencies held the field among the dramatists themselves, and so forth. It is an extremely able piece of work, and its far from pedantic or superfluous learning is well fortified by good judgment, good sense, and

The first chapter, or "book," is mainly introductory, outlining the Puritan antipathy to the early stage, the efforts of classicists like Whetstone to divert the drama from freedom of romantic choice, the prevalence between 1570 and 1587 of the mythological pastoral (Peele's "The Arraignment of Paris" is the best example) and Lyly's speedy development of the allegorical Court comedy. It is curious how completely Lyly has been banished not only from the stage, but from the library. Only a few years after James Burbidge, the father of the tragedian who acted Lear and Othello, had founded the "Theatre" in Finsbury Fields (1574), and before Marlowe had acclimatized the drama to blank verse, here is Lyly writing elegant and witty comedies

of conversation, with a Shavian interchange of sally and repartee. Nash calls Peele "primus verborum artifex," but Lyly, with his refined dialogue of the Salon, is the more singular modernist. What Shakespeare's early comedies owed to him, all the world knows, but very few have owned him the first champion, as he is, of the cause of conversational drama.

Lyly, who wrote "Euphues" as a model for the periods of the Court ladies, as a playwright was an aristocratic preserve. Though he was in drama more or less a world to himself, his position calls into the dock the whole question of the disrespectability of the dramatist. Certainly Greene and his fellows lived in Grub Street, but the patronage of the Court had not yet become an established support in the struggle of the theatre against the municipal authorities. More than half the animus displayed against the Puritans in countless plays may be attributed to the Puritan alliance with the tradesmen, represented by the Corporation of London, which, after many rebuffs, finally triumphed by the closing of the theatres in 1647. The fruits of this bitter animosity are reflected time and again in the plays. Loyalty to the throne was a matter of self-interest as well as conservative acceptance, and one must temper one's disgust with independent Ben's gross adulation of James I. by reflecting that the very existence of the theatre hung upon the royal favor. Unquestionably, this political factor influenced the morality of the dramatists. Outside Heywood and his domestic medium, there is very little sympathy with the lowly, or approval of the first faint stirrings of middleclass reaction against the supremacy of the royal power. The Court gallants have a pretty free hand with the citizens' wives and pockets, and only in a very few plays are they held up to any moral reprobation. In the numerous class of robustious farces, with their catching titles ("A Mad World, my Masters!" "A Cure for a Cuckold," "A Trick to Catch the Old One," " A Knack to Know a Knave," and so on), the hero is frequently the gallant who rescues the homely daughter from her cozening and rapacious middle-class father. This tendency, with all its implied social immorality, increases with the closer relations between Court and theatre There is all the difference between Shakespeare's first and second dedication to the Earl of Southampton. Dekker, Heywood, Porter (the author of that delightfully fresh and spontaneous comedy, "The Two Angry Women of Abingdon "), Ben Jonson, Marston, and Chapman, in " Eastward Ho!" treat middle-class life with any amount of feeling, intimacy, and hearty commendation. But their plays on this theme belong to the earlier school and the period of Beaumont and Fletcher, wherein the Court was associated with the theatre, almost to the exclusion of the old apprentice audience, shows a marked hostility to the democratic and a none too critical indulgence to the aristocratic element. our mind, there is a certain moral warranty for this attitude. Prejudiced as it was, it has a healthy contempt for the new commercial and acquisitive spirit gradually dominating the city and the Puritans, and ousting the broad, generous types of Touchstone in "Eastward Ho!" and Simon Eyre (whose original is in Deloney, the balladist) in "The Shoemaker's Holiday." Allied to this is the fairly general disdain for the 'profanum vulgus," with which every reader of Ben Jonson and Shakespeare is familiar. The dramatists, of course, wrote exclusively for their audience, and fashioned their situations and characters upon its liking or disesteem. They paid not the least regard to the reading public, and nearly always issued their plays in book form, only in order to forestall unscrupulous booksellers from piratically publishing inaccurate and mutilated texts. But there seems to have been a disseminated artistic conscience among all these motley playwrights, many of them merely the hacks of a usurious old fox like Henslowe, and there is no doubt that they strongly resented the sensational demands of the actors and the spectators upon the conception and workmanship of their plays. Not that this implies any questioning spirit. The dramatists, though they read Florio's translation (folio 1603), did not import Montaigne's scepticism into their work. Imagination and the beauty and wonder of the world had climbed out of the medieval night, and the Renaissance drama is the drama of acceptance. It was not a commentary on, but a discovery of life. Enough "to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image." It is as well to remember this when modern critics exclaim against the placid credulity (about witches, sorcerers, hobgoblins, the Ptolemaic system, and the like) explicit throughout the entire range of the drama of this period.

Another interesting question which arises out of Dr.

Creizenach's suggestive material is that of collaboration. It cannot be denied that the modern thesis holds good, and that the vice of the romantic drama is its faulty sense of construction. The popularity and opportunist conditions of the theatre are partially responsible for this. "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" was written in eight days, and, as in modern journalism, a dramatist would as often as not be set to work on a play with given material and on specific lines. The Renaissance passion for style, situation, and effects for their own sake, as an end in themselves, rather than as a means to an end, is another factor. But the principle, or rather the organized system of collaboration, is the real cause of defective structure. The Renaissance did not disobey the old classical precepts so much as is supposed. but the admixture of tragedy and comedy in the same play was a definite revolt from the Aristotelian theory. Whether the practice of collaboration was born of this new doctrine cannot be conclusively proved. But the two certainly marched side by side very companionably. Ben Johnson declared against the combination of the comic and the tragic, but his practice was, happily, often looser than his theory. At any rate, the composite plot (both in this particular and in the wealth and diversity of episode) was a sine qua non with the romantic drama. In many cases, one of the collaborators wrote the main tragic theme, his partner the comic under-plot. An extreme instance of this is afforded by Middleton's masterpiece, "The Changeling." Here Rowley wrote the low comedy scenes, and in spite of his ingenuity and exuberance in other plays, a dull, tasteless, vulgar hotchpotch they are. But the point is that the two currents are entirely disconnected. Indeed, if you want to taste the full passionate flavor of Middleton's tragic genius, the best thing to do is to leave out Rowley's contribution altogether. An example on the other side is Massinger and Field's (the actor and author of the sprightly comedy "A Woman is a Weathercock") impressive play, "The Fatal Dowry." Here a terrible retribution (Massinger's) is consequent upon a thoughtless frivolity (Field's). Shakespeare, though he probably collaborated with both Rowley and John Fletcher, was the sole author of the majority of his plays, and he has in no respect shown his supremacy over his contemporaries more than in the felicity with which he dovetailed the comic and tragic elements of a play into a unity. But even he ("Antony and Cleopatra" is an example) has not always succeeded. There are, indeed, many instances of the adroitness with which the dramatists have effected an ingenious marriage between the two and their fellowship, but it is obvious to what degree the art of construction must suffer by the arbitrary combination of parallel actions written by different authors. For all that, it is ill-considered to quarrel with the Elizabethans on this score, partly because the intermixture of comedy and tragedy introduced a new freedom into romantic drama, partly because a recourse to collaboration as a means of solving the problem was an expedient natural to a period of experiment.

Economy of space has prevented us from doing anything like adequate justice to Dr. Creizenach's book. All we have done is to select two opportunities for generalization out of a host at our disposal. We have said nothing at all about his examination into stage-craft or histrionic development, or the style, idiom, and versification of the dramatists' blank verse. A worse sin of omission is our neglect to lay stress on the traditional material, stage motives, and characterization adapted by the playwrights to suit the needs of the theatre. Dr. Creizenach goes exhaustively into all the dramatic sources—Holinshed's "Chronicles," melieval romances, Sidney's "Arcadia," North's "Plutarch."

Greene's "Meraphon," and other pastoral tales, the popular ballads, Chaucer, contemporary history, the Commedia dell'arte (to which Tarleton, the clown, owed so many of his devices), Tasso, Guarini's "Pastor Fido," and most of all the Italian novel, either from the original or in the translations of Fenton, Painter, Bellforret, Reynolds, and Barnabe Riche. And his copious treatment gives one a true perspective as to how far the drama was a spontaneous impulse (on the one hand), and how far (a fact usually ignored) the product of tradition. They are by no means incompatible.

WHY GERMANY ATTACKED THROUGH BELGIUM.

"A Military History of the War." By Captain Cecil.

BATTINE. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s. net.)

"Germany in Defeat: A Strategic History of the War."
The First Phase by Count CHARLES DE SOUZA and Major
HALDANE MACFALL. The Second Phase by Count CHARLES
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The complexity and vastness of the war have at least one compensation. While they tend to conceal from us the true bearing of present events, throwing insignificant episodes into high lights and blurring the impression of others which are milestones in the path of civilization, they at the same time hide from us a little the stupendous horror of the struggle. The student who attempts some presentation of the war is therefore met at the outset with the difficulty of disentangling the really significant from the crowd of irrelevant detail. And unless he wishes to face the work of a lifetime he must shun with a certain ascetic steadfastness the almost innumerable touches of color and life that characterize human intercourse even in such crises. Otherwise he will give a false

or blurred impression.

Captain Battine's narrative suffers a little in this way. It is a fairly familiar story he tells and a familiar criticism he purveys. He gives a careful résumé of the armed resources of the combatants and of the organization of the various armies. The German plan was to attack through Belgium, and Captain Battine, at the very beginning, formed opinion that the German failure would be due to this mistake. The Liège forts resisted until after the middle of August, and then the German armies swept through Belgium, and we have the famous retreat. Meanwhile, Joffre had wrongly attempted an offensive through Alsace, and Castlenau's advance into Lorraine was followed by the defeat of Morhange and the recovery on the Couronné de Nancy. had won the victory of Gumbinnen, been defeated at Tannenberg, and begun that advance through Galicia which was the controlling factor in the Eastern situation for the rest of the year. The narrative ends with the conclusion of the campaign of August, 1914. It is enlivened by letters, accounts of eye-witnesses, and despatches, but seems to be overloaded and disorderly.

The work of Count Charles de Souza (Major Macfall's contribution is chiefly the Englishing of the first volume) is a far different work. It is irritating and challenging; but, though we remain unconvinced of its general thesis, it is the most interesting, stimulating, and—on the whole—the most valuable book on the war. Count de Souza holds that the Germans did not intend to attack France through Belgium. They intended Belgium to be France's new Sedan. The natural chivalry of the French would impel them to go to the assistance of the Belgian army, and then von Kluck, von Bülow, and von Hausen would deal with them, while the march upon Paris would be made, viâ Rheims, by the Crown Prince, joined by the Bavarians through the gap of Mirecourt. The French, of course, did not fall in with the German plans, and Count de Souza sees in this, as in the general conduct of the campaign, the clear proof of Joffre's

enlightened strategy.

The episodes of the war up to the first battle of Ypres are sufficiently well known, but here they are appraised more justly than has hitherto been the case. Castlenau's defence of the Couronné de Nancy is seen to be cardinal to the whole Allied success on the Marne. The French had fallen back after the defeat of Morhange (or Saarburg) towards Nancy and the vital gap of Mirecourt, which gave access to the

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French rear. Only an officer of consummate ability could have rallied an army so badly shaken. But Castlenau, using Foch with his "Ironsides" to cover his retreat, fell back hurriedly on the Grand Couronné, and there stood. Battle of Nancy, the largest and most bitterly contested up to the first Battle of Ypres, really occupied the twelve days from August 31st to September 11th. The Bavarian army first battered the French positions with four hundred heavy guns. But the French had carefully dug themselves in and waited in patience for the infantry attacks. When these came, they were met by the 75's, and in the first massed attacks the Germans left 4,000 dead at one single spot. The assaults culminated on September 6th, when, under the eyes of the Kaiser, repeated attempts were made to achieve success. But this proved the bloodiest defeat for the Germans, and on September 11th Castlenau had sufficient confidence to begin pressing his lines outwards.

Foch, meanwhile, had won another of the decisive battles of the war. Castlenau made the struggle of the Marne possible; Foch sealed his success. The 7th French Army, under Foch, held the French line between Sézanne and Mailly. It was opposed to Hausen's Saxon army, and the struggle between the two armies began on September 7th, the day after Manoury had opened his attack on the Kluck only gave way there when Foch's victory in the French centre was complete and Hausen's broken army was in retreat. It was Foch, too, to whom the Flanders victories were chiefly due, and Ypres was another of the

decisive battles.

Count de Souza's title is due to his conviction that the Marne was decisive of the war, but, if his thesis is true, the Germans had been strategically defeated long before they reached the Marne. When Joffre refused to enter Belgium he wasted, according to the writer of the book, from a fortnight to three weeks of the German advantages from more rapid mobilization. He supports his reading of the German mind chiefly by an appeal to dates. He points to "the prolonged inactivity of the German armies south of Liège from the 5th to the 20th of August." Now, it is obvious that if the whole of this time is to be accounted for, the German mobilization and concentration must have been accomplished in an incredibly short time. Count de Souza speaks of the French mobilization as complete by the 14th. Can we think the Germans were quite ready on the 5th? If not, what would have been gained by an attack on Namur at the same time as Liège? This point is never frankly met. Count de Souza speaks of the "secret mobilization" of the German armies; but this is a point of so much importance that we are justified in asking for indisputable evidence. And, feasible as his contention is upon general grounds, we cannot feel convinced that he is right.

It is quite clear that the Germans, for some reason, were unable to make use of their greater speed in mobilization. The main armies did not come into collision until eight days after the French mobilization was complete. But we have not to account for so long a time as Count de Souza suggests. If the German mobilization was complete on the 10th, that reduces the time by five days. The forts of Liège were not all reduced until the 15th (Captain Battine even says the 18th), and the main railway line was not available. that time it was clear, Joffre and Castlenau, Dubail and Pau were on the move in Alsace-Lorraine, and the German Staff, with the cautious Moltke at its head, could not fathom the meaning of the advance. "It puzzled them—it blinded them." In a week's hard fighting Castlenau seized possession of the German positions south and south-east of Metz, and Dubail had captured all the Passes of the Vosges. Castlenau was in a position to pierce the Germans' line of concentration. The tide turned on the 20th, and it was upon that day that the whole German line was set moving. Is not this sufficient to explain the cause of the delay? Yet it is an attractive reading of the German plans which sees the move on Paris entrusted

to the Crown Prince.

This is a companionable book. We can quarrel with it or become enthusiastic about it. Bored we cannot be. There are numerous things we object to, over-statements of a position, errors of judgment, and faults of taste. But it is fresh and original writing, the judgments are independent, and the perspective is, on the whole, most praiseworthy. And, during a war, this is perhaps the quality we ask most urgently of military writers. Count de Souza is exceedingly outspoken about German blunders, and this is a useful corrective to the normal point of view that sees our own shortcomings with too great alacrity. We are led to appreciate the fact that the Battle of Ypres need never have been fought if the Germans had kept their heads in October, 1914. We are reminded of the blunder which permitted the Antwerp garrison to escape, of the vacillation which redirected to Nancy a corps destined to give the coup de grâce to Verdun in September, 1914, of the over-caution of Kluck on the heels of the British after Mons. In reviewing the dark days which have passed since then, these considerations offer a wholesome meditation.

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tendencies struggle for mastery :-

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No wiser words were ever spoken; the end of religious con-The recognition of this dualism is the troversy is here. condition of the understanding of Church history. Christianity and Law are antitheses; here Sohm is unanswerable. But it is impossible to find a time when the legal element was absent from Christianity. The natural man is a born Catholic; he "desires to be under the Law."

In this connection the origin and development of the Sacraments are crucial; and the treatment of these questions by Dr. Estlin Carpenter is singularly suggestive. The Christianity of the New Testament is not what would now be called Sacramental. The two sacred rites which are now known as Sacraments are there. Baptism is more prominent than the Breaking of Bread; but both are subordinate. St. Paul can say, "I thank God I baptized none of you"; and Jesus, we are told, "did not baptize." Its precise origin is obscure; Matt. xxviii. 19, "the utterance rather of the Church than of the Master" but the decisive point in its development was the introduction of infant baptism. Till then Baptism had been the outward and visible sign of a human act-that of "conversion"; now it became a rite in which the recipient was passive and unconscious, yet to which momentous results were attributed. Here the ways parted; the ex opere operato, or magical Sacrament was born. The institution of the Lord's Supper is recorded in the New Testament; but the references to its use are infrequent, and almost of the nature of obiter dicta; it had obviously not acquired the central position given to it in the later Church. The discrepancies between the four accounts of this institution, those of the Synoptics and that of St. Paul-the Fourth Gospel being silent on the subject, and substituting the Washing of the Feet for the Supper-are so considerable as to make it impossible to insist on detail; the narratives will not fit into one frame. Of the account given in I. Cor. xi., which has left obvious traces on the Synoptic record, in particular on that of Luke, it has been said that it is difficult to disentangle the original tradition from the moral and

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theological commentary of the apostle; while it is clear that the former contemplated the Parousia as imminent. Matt. xxvi. 29, has no suggestion of a rite to be often repeated, much less to endure for generations. The tradition which the words represent looks in another direction. Yet a little while, and the common meal—in the old world so sacred a bond of union—now eaten under the shadow of approaching doom, would be renewed on the day of triumph, and presided over by the victorious Messiah in the Kingdom of God.

With the exception of the famous passages—I. Cor. x. 15, and xi. 23 ff—there is no mention of the rite in the Epistles of St. Paul, the earliest books of the New Testament; while the references to it in the Acts of the Apostles are infrequent, and, as it were, concomitant. At this period what afterwards became the Eucharist, or Mass, was one of the religious exercises of the Christian Ecclesia; but it was not, as we find it later, the one divinely-ordained act of worship. It is classed with other sacred acts, or functions; with prophecy and instruction, praise and prayer. To speak of it, as is sometimes done, as "The Lord's Own Service on the Lord's Own Day" is unhistorical. The early Christians did, indeed, "break bread" on the first day of the week. But this "breaking of the bread" was part of a more comprehensive exercise, or service. It was not yet disjoined from this; nor had it taken separate shape

as a "Celebration," "Eucharist," or "Mass."

The Sacrament of the Eucharist, or Thanksgiving, has its origin in the community meal of the Christian Brotherhood. If this seems a humble pedigree, it is because we have lost sight of the ritual and symbolic significance which the old world attached to the act of eating. This was a social, not an individual action; the meal was already a Sacrament; those who ate and drank together were by that very fact tied to one another by a bond of friendship and mutual obligation. A survival of these ideas is found in such celebrations as the Waterloo Banquet, or a regimental dinner, or the feast of a City Company; the loving-cup is their visible sign. From the first the Christian meal looked back to the Last Supper and on to the Parousia; it was at once a commemoration of Christ's Death and an anticipation of His return. He was pictured as the host; those who were His sat with Him at His table; the conception was familiar to the age. The notion of feeding upon the God as a means of acquiring His Divine life was a commonplace of primitive religion; the Deity was at once Host, Victim, It inflowed into the Pauline doctrine of the and Feast. Eucharist, and was reinforced by that of sacrifice, taken from the Temple ritual and the Law.

It is uncertain whether the Breaking of the Bread was originally identified with the community meal as a whole, or whether (as was the case later) it formed a distinct part of it. In either case, the breakdown of the belief in the imminence of the Parousia was the occasion of their separation. This, with the rapid increase of the numbers of the community, gave the character of a ceremonial act to what had been before a domestic observance. The element of Liturgy came in when the notion of priesthood was transferred to certain specialized Christian ministries; to government—under which head fell the penitential discipline, out of which head fell the penitential discipline, out of which the Sacrament of Penance subsequently developed—and to teaching—which passed over into the charisma veritatis and ultimately into infallibility. While, when the notion of priesthood came in, that of sacrifice was emphasized; and magic—the priest was near

of kin to the magician-appeared.

The underlying unity of the religious life in its various aspects is set vividly before us when we remember that the Mass, with its elaborate and symbolic pageantry, is so nearly allied to the accustomed meal of the simplest household—"I never eat bread," says a well-known writer, a member of the Society of Friends, "without the thought of the Body broken"; and that the solemn formula of consecration pronounced by the priest finds a not distant echo in the familiar grace before and after this meal: "We give Thee thanks, O Lord, for these and all thy mercies." The words fall from children's lips in every English nursery; yet the root idea of the Eucharist, the Sacrament of Sacraments, is there. It was "under the influence of tradition, in its environment of Gentile cults, and with the background of Jewish analogies, that it became a sacrifice

and begot a priesthood." Itself it was something simpler, nobler, truer—the common meal of the Christian brother-hood, presided over by Christ.

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More characteristically Russian are the two quite modern sketches by Anton Chehov, entitled "The Wedding" and "The Jubilee." In comedy, as in the short stories, Chehov gives, with but slightly increased animation, the grey muddle of human life. In "The Wedding" a second-grade Captain is supposed to have been bribed to palm himself off as a General at a bourgeois wedding. He is quite innocent of imposture, and leaves the wedding-party very much as Colonel Newcome might have left it:—

"I received no money at all! Off with you! (Leaves the table.) How disgusting! How low! To affront an old man, a sailor, an officer of merit! If this were decent society I'd challenge you to a duel; but now what can I do? (Muddled.) Where's the door? Which is the way out! Waiter! Show me out! Waiter! How low! How disgusting! (Exit.)"

In "The Jubilee," a managing director of a bank is interrupted just as he is on the point of receiving a deputation from his staff. The atmosphere of success has become vitiated and the address, which he himself had drafted, reads like a splash of meaningless words. In all this there is nothing new from the Western standpoint, except that Chehov insinuates the external interference of life into the worry of human beings. Merchutkin, the old woman who worries the unfortunate book-keeper, is quite different from a similar character in Western comedy. She wants her husband to be restored to his post in the Army Medical Department, and she is worrying at the bank about that. Her deluge of troubles have all the incoherence of life itself as viewed with Chehov's rather fatigued detachment:—

"Your Excellency, take pity on me, an orphan. I am a weak, defenceless woman. I'm worried to death. What with law cases with the lodgers and trouble on account of my husband and running about with the housework, and then my son-in-law, still without a position."

The director tries to hand her on to the bank clerk, but she is inexhaustible, and one feels that even the wonderful old woman in Maupassant's story, who extracted compensation for a burnt umbrella from a Parisian insurance company, would have been dumb in her presence. All that is the Chehov of the short stories, but vitalized and intensified by association with the footlights.

Mr. Bechhofer claims that Russian writers of to-day, in spite of some conspicuous exceptions, have really returned to the tradition of von Vizin and Griboyedov, and he has certainly given us a good proof of his claim in "A Merry Death," by Nicholas Evreinov. Briefly, Harlequin has been told by a fortune-teller that the day he sleeps longer than he revels he will die at midnight. The day has come at last, and he makes his farewell speech in the presence of Pierrot and Columbine:—

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gestures? Look round, madame; you are in the house of Harlequin, where one can laugh at all that's tragic, not even excluding your gestures. (Death points at the clock with a theatrical gesture). Enough, enough, madame. Really, if I hadn't laughed all my laughter, I should burst of laughing, in the literal sense of the word. What, you want to stop the clock? There's plenty of time, madame. As far as I know, my hour has not yet struck. Or you're anticipating a struggle with me? No, no; I don't belong to the silly bourgeois boors. Honor and place to a beautiful lady! I don't want to cross her, and I can't oppose her, because I've used up all my strength. But the traditional dance? Your dance of the old times, when people hadn't yet forgotten how to die, and even Death was a distraction for them. If you please! Ah, you're surprised at the request! Yes, yes, Harlequin in our time is almost a fossil. Well, fair lady, enough obstinacy. (Music. Death dances.) Columbine, Pierrot, open your eyes; open them quickly! Look how merry we are! (Harlequin makes Columbine sit down beside him on the bed. Death places her hand on his shoulder. To Death:) Wait my dear lady, wait. Let me take leave of the world as the world does! One more, only one more kiss, Columbine! Pierrot, where have you got to, you coward? (Rises.) Well, if you're too lazy to light me. (Gives the lamp to Death.) Light the way, Death; there's still a tiny drop of oil in the lamp. (Death separates him from Columbine.)"

That is the genuine voice of Russian comedy, and its fantastic mingling of laughter and tears is only partially explained by Pierrot's reference to the Asmodeus of France, who, on his death-bed, exclaimed mockingly to the monks: "Let down the curtain: the farce is over." English readers will be indebted to Mr. Bechhofer for many good things in this admirable little volume, but they should be particularly grateful to him for his introduction to Nicholas Evreinov.

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The Mahommedans who conquered Spain, for example, can hardly be judged, as a race, unintellectual, however sensuous their emotions or profound their sense of color. To offer the Florentine artists of the Renaissance—as does Mr. Phillipps—for an example of intellectuals with vague occasional gropings for emotion, is to run the risk of direct denial. Blake, an artist of sufficiently profound perception, looked on them as his progenitors; and further, is it possible to reconcile the work of Michael Angelo with a lack of emotional feeling? The sensuous art of the Venetian school of that period, which was directly affected by the color of the East, stood to Blake in contradiction to his own vision of the spiritual. Yet about Blake Mr. March Phillipps writes:—

"The Almighty, the Jewish abstract element, forms no part of Christian art. It forms no part of any art. How can you represent as a person that which never had a person,

or a shape that which never took shape? Numbers of artists have essayed the task and not one has succeeded. Blake is the sole exception."

If Blake's art is admitted to be emotional and spiritual, he again falls foul of our author's theory, because he outline so consistently and so well. We are told: "The capacity of Western artists to express form by means of line is something Eastern art has simply no conception of." So Blake is an artist, apparently, who has all the qualities of East and West, who is, in short, both intellectual and emotional—as any great artist should be. The greatest Venetian painters were produced quite as much by the sound drawing and intellectual understanding of form, learned from Michael Angelo and the others of the Florentine school, as by the sensuous color of the Orient, for color exists in no highly developed form unless intellect animates it. Their profound sentiment of tone, and consequently of color, came from the Byzantine Greeks, who had the same general qualities-a well-balanced relative sense of color and form, of rich deep shadows and strong curves.

Mr. March Phillipps has a very fresh and unspoiled outlook on works of art, and an acute appreciation of the "Art that is," as he describes it, "the expression of life"; but it is in particular examples rather than in general principles that he shows it. Had he remained content to describe Eastern art as tending to lose coherence, owing to an excessive and sensuous pleasure in color, and Western art as becoming hard, unfeeling, and prosaic in a mechanical interest in form, it would have been unnecessary to question his findings. He well defines "form" as "function," or suitability to propose, but a function of any kind without spirit is deadened and incapable of progression. description of Byzantine Mosaic is that of an artist in understanding and penetration, and the analysis of its true purpose, manipulation, and design is complete and final; but in a general analysis of principles it is essential that the determining factor of that splendor of subdued color should be defined. The Greeks who built Santa Sophia designed and regulated the qualities of light and shadow playing on the rich flat colors of the mosaic, in order to obtain tone, and the control was intellectual. Tone is an attribute of form. It seems clear that when the Greeks used the arch and dome they only changed their medium of expression from exterior line and mass, with straight rigid structural forms as in classical examples, to interiors having curved lines and forms and controlled tone; but similar qualities of intellect would appear to be applied to the new problem. One is led, time and again, to believe, from Mr. Phillipps's own examples, that it is an approximate balance of the two principles of form and color, of intellect and emotion, which makes a great work of art.

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THE trader and the missionary have for several generations now been popularly taken as symbolical of the "onward march of Empire"; the one a figure of evil in one of its vilest forms, the other a figure of contempt. "Gin" and the "moral pocket-handkerchief" have been variants of the same symbolism. The essential truth in this cynical imagery has long inspired Liberalism with its anti-Imperialism. that modern Imperialism, for good or evil-and, in some aspects and for a long time, very much for evil-is a trade Imperialism, aiming at the conquest of new and ever new markets; and that missionary enterprise was for long quite futile in its methods and often mischievous in its results. But it is becoming an out-of-date picture. West African or Soudanese cotton-growing or Chinese mining and railwaybuilding can hardly be classed as ruthless exploitation. The trader on the whole, is now the bringer of the material civilization of Europe to the peoples of Africa and Asia. In the same way, and to a much greater extent, the missionary has become the pioneer of the moral and intellectual civilization of the West. The "gin" of the early trader is developing into the locomotive, the telegraph, improved agriculture, and a better standard of living. The "moral pocket-handkerchief" and tracts of the early missionary have developed into the trade-school, the printing-press, and the native university. Nay, more, the missionary, preaching a virile ethic and the doctrine of human brotherhood, has proved in the East to be the forerunner of democracy. The revolution in China-one of the greatest facts of our time-must be attributed very largely to the Christian missionaries. Sir Harry Johnston, who writes a preface to Mr. Macdonald's book, describes himself as one who in other writings has made no secret of his utter lack of faith or interest in most Christian dogmas"; yet he is moved to almost passionate praise of missionary work. "A policy of conscienceless exploitation of the non-Caucasian peoples," he writes, "is now a hopeless one.

The value of the Christian missionary is that he

. . . The value of the Christian missionary is that he serves no government. He is not the agent of any selfish state or self-seeking community. He is the servant of an Ideal . . . which is at one and the same time essential common sense, real liberty, a real seeking after progress and betterment." The missionary, in short, is fulfilling a function that none but he in the present state of the world could fulfil at all. It is a function vital to the future history of the human race; to quote Sir Harry Johnston's definition, it is an effort to secure that "our relations with the backward peoples of the world should be carried on consonantly with the principles of Christian ethics—pity, patience, fairmindedness, protection, and instruction; with a view not to making them the carefully-guarded serfs of

the white race, but to enable them some day to be entirely self-dependent, and yet interdependent with us on universal

human co-operation in world-management." The necessity for this "Christian Imperialism" is Mr. J. Macdonald's whole thesis. He pleads for "the spread of Christianity as a sound imperial principle of action, and for "missionary enterprise as a means of carrying it out," and the plea is not one of merely religious proselytism. On the contrary, he is rather opposed to the propagation of Christian dogma. "Christian ethics rather than Christian Theology" is what is chiefly in his mind, and so far from being a fanatic or enthusiast, he discerns with a commonsense realism and breadth of outlook that is as refreshing as it is rare, all the principal problems that have arisen in Africa, India, and the Far East from the contact between European civilization and the black, brown, and yellow races. Our civilization, he holds, is not expressed in our material superiority alone, but is based upon our peculiar ethical and intellectual system, which is essentially religious and Christian, and is not adequately represented in our trade imperialism. The spread of his distinctive ethic and the culture based on it is the only real civilization. "The civilization which is called Western is the slowly-developed product of religion. Through all the stages of its development the 'élan vital' has been religion." That "élan must be communicated to the more backward peoples if they are ever really to come abreast or even to progress. Hitherto it has largely been confined to the centres in Europe; what he calls the "truculent counter-forces" of Christianity have been driven to the circumference of civilization. "Religion must pursue them there." Here in a few sentences we have the gist of an argument that is developed with great frankness and in close detail.

Some of his conclusions may appear startling at first glance. To take an example:—

"The only solution of the race problem in South Africa lies in a gradual repatriation of the Bantu races to those regions north of the Zambesi from which they came originally. This end must be achieved by a humane but firm policy of repression. The black man must be made to feel that South Africa is not a comfortable place to live in."

Or again :-

"One of the chief difficulties experienced by employers of labor in Africa is the unstable and undisciplined character of the native laborer. Christian teaching and industrial training can do much to remove this trouble. In the matter of recruiting labor the missionaries can be of use to the recruiting agent."

Apart from their context, these quotations are certainly piquant. Many similar quotations could be given. illustrate the extraordinary realism with which Mr. Macdonald brings an always active and energetic humanitarianism to bear upon existing problems. But if he sometimes seems to shock the old-fashioned humanitarian, he is no less likely to shock the old-fashioned supporter of foreign missions. The "dogmatic Christianity of the West," he insists, is unsuited to the East. "Our Christian dogma has been developed from the old Greek metaphysic," but "the East offers its own metaphysical system to assist in the creation of a Christian dogma suited to Oriental needs.' Consequently we should, as far as possible, confine ourselves to offering "The Gospel," or, we might say, the Christian ethic. Whatever is of value in the Eastern religions should be incorporated and our Christianity "Orientalized." In India the racial and religious cleavage that exists will produce an Indian Christianity as diverse as that of Europe. "All attempts to found a National Church of India, meaning by that term a homogeneous organism, possessing one definition of faith and one system of church government and . . The true goal is ritual, are not likely to succeed. . . . The true goal is an Indian Christianity expressed in the form of Indian churches, which will correspond to the different races which go to make up the population of India." China, with her elaborate morality and ancestor-worship, would require still

another form of Orientalized Christianity.

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superior to anything they themselves possessed." In the late 'seventies he turned to educational methods. Every penny he could save and a legacy left him by a relative he spent on books and instruments. Among the books he bought were standard theological works, Roman Catholic and Protestant, German, American, British, High Church, Low Church, and Broad Church, and Nonconformist—" to guard myself against becoming a one-sided Christian"and the sacred books of the East and the Buddhist classics. Here we have a clear instance of the adaptation to religious environment mentioned by Mr. Macdonald. A few years later Dr. Richard published a tract on Taoism, "acknowledging what was true in it and showing where Christianity had advanced beyond it." So great was the innovation that he was denounced as heretical by some of his missionary colleagues. In 1890 he became the editor of a daily newspaper in Chinese, in which he advocated the reform policy. year later he took charge of the S.D.K. (Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge) at Shanghai. with its organization and printing plant. After the Boxer troubles he founded the Shaisi University-the first native University in China. Dr. Richard is justifiably proud of the stream of Chinese educational literature that issued from the S.D.K., and particularly of his translation of Mackenzie's "History of the Nineteenth Century." This book had a great success—"in one city alone, Hangchow, there were no less than six pirated editions, one edition de luxe for the rich, the others for people of lesser means "-and he attributes, no doubt rightly, a great deal to its influence. Altogether, he says, there must have been half a million pirated copies in circulation throughout China. It was issued "in order to give the statesmen of China information regarding the recent progress of the world, and to point out that if they adopted the reforms of the West, there would be hope for their country." On receiving a copy of the book, Li Hung-Chang telegraphed to the author an invitation to meet him. Dr. Richard tells of an interview about that time between Count Cassini, the Russian Minister in Peking, and Prince Kung, in which the diplomat asked the Prince if he had read the book. The Prince replied that he had.

"And what do you think of it?"

"It is a very useful book to China."

"Then I am afraid you have not grasped the moral of it," replied the Russian Minister. "It teaches democracy versus autocracy. If these views became current throughout China, you six million Manchus will be outvoted by the four hundred millions of Chinese, and you will have to go."

This prophecy, adds Dr. Richard, was fulfilled in the Revolution of 1911; and in his evident pride in its fulfilment there is no little significance.

VERSICULI.

"Poems." By MARGARET MAITLAND RADFORD. (Allen & Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

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It seems that, since the war, literature has gone very lightly clad. Indeed, with fiction for sandals and minor verse for diadem, she has otherwise, but for a few trinkets here and there, been naked as a new-born babe. Now, if there were as many novels in a year as there were locusts in the Egyptian plague, we should still enumerate them quantitatively, rather than select them qualitatively. are as alike as a packet of pins. But the same law does not They may have a guttering, tenuous life, apply to versicles. but still they will vary; they will be as different as Peachblossom from Cobweb and Moth from Mustard-Seed. More, they may not only be different from one another in a haphazard way, but in a progression, a gradation. is with these five booklings. They remind us of a pyramid turned upside down. The apex is small, unobtrusive, and not at all expansive; the layer above that is a little more ambitious, until finally the base is so vast that it seems to stretch from horizon to horizon.

Miss Radford's "Poems," for instance, are like a

débutante-timid, shrinking, and self-conscious. There are no "abysmal, silver-crested planes"; there is none of "the dark amazement of the stars"-just shy melodies about angels and brambles and sunbeams. Miss Radford's thought is, indeed, a little too soft and downy for precise mellifluous expression. Surely, the more contained the area of a poem's idea the more familiar its motive and the less ambiguous its theme, the sharper and more crystalline should be its lustre. It is the billowy versifiers who should be clasping their armfulls of planets. Still, they have a piping, flutelike quality, which is both agreeable and unaffected. best of them all is "The Mouse," the treatment, brevity, and tenderness of which seem to suit Miss Radford's mood and purpose of pensive intimacy :-

"Poor mouse—there's fear in your black eye, Your panting breast; like shaken dew, The little drop of life that you Tremble to keep: I too must die."

With Mr. Burdett, we begin to leave the lowlands behind, to breathe a more adventurous æther, which will discipline us to venture the dizzier pinnacles ahead of us. have the title, to begin with—which will admit of no iance in the valleys. Then Mr. Burdett has complimendalliance in the valleys. tary sonnets to Samuel Butler and Mr. Belloc; a sonnet entitled "Resipiscence," and a way of vindicating the order of composition of his works by the term "op," followed by a numeral; still, "Exuberance," is hardly the word. Being in the middle regions, the poet's utterance is not distinctive enough for elaborate comment. Style, metre, and expression possess a certain grace, a certain adequacy, a not too-robust steadiness, which call for a temperate approval. He is at his best when he gives rein to a dry sense of humor. Here and there are landslides :-

"She gives to him her heart's whole loyalty, An unthrift of her lovelihood."

"Love, who is nature's paid upholsterer." But these are rare.

In "Songs for the New Age," on the other hand. Phæthon is already finding some difficulty with his steeds. There is a note of rebellious invective and independence; the metre throws over the orthodox canons, and the poet casts the fugitive illusions of daffodils and Newras overboard. Brutal actuality has taken up arms against the smugness and shams of propertied respectability :-

"There is only one Divinity: Yourself.
Only one God: You ..."

It is as thrilling as a poster! And: -

"To turn out typewriters,
To invent a new breakfast food,
To devise a dance that was never danced until now, To urge a new sanitation, and a swifter automobile— Have the life-surging heavens no business but this?"

" Civilization Everybody kind and gentle, and men giving up their seats in the car for the women What an ideal! How bracing!

"Is that your reason? The children? Their future? Tut! blow off the foam of sentimentality and piffle! Look through the depths beneath."

Mr. Oppenheim, you will see, seems to have made an ingenious adaptation of the Whitmanesque spirit with the Imagist method. There is, perhaps, something of the "stunt" and certainly something naively old-fashioned "stunt" and certainly something naïvely old-fashioned about Mr. Oppenheim's "cloistered cowards" and "gilded idlers." He appears to go rather deliberately to Whitman and irregular verse-forms, as the Cockney goes to Margate—because it is so bracing. Still, he has some of the virtues as well as the pronounced disadvantages of the east wind.

But the author of "Symphonies" leaves Mr. Oppenheim plodding in the rear. With him words have taken the bit between their teeth and dashed him over glaciers, down precipices, and through canyons of prismatic expression. His "finales" and "schersoda capos" are as a "cordial Bacchanalian," to his verse. Here is the grotesque:—

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A good hot grumble comes forth when the young farmer tries to tighten a bolt on his cultivator and "stumbles on another way in which we are being looted, and it is the meanest and most exasperating trick that has come to my notice in a blue moon." The bolt, in fact, cannot be tightened, because the head of it is round and cannot be held, so the machine has to rattle to pieces without remedy. It is a trick that Protection enables the manufacturer to play with impunity on the farmer. Elsewhere he says plaintively that the misappropriation of the natural monopoly of transport has "strangled cur old friends Supply and Demand. We ought to erect brass tablets, sacred to the memory of the economic laws that once governed trade and commerce."

Enough to show that this farmer grumbles picturesquely and to the point. Withal, he is a cheery man, full of enthusiasm for the life and for the joys of Nature. "Getting out to grass," he says, under date of May 23rd, "is certainly the event of the year for the animals on the farm. I know, because I have a strong fellow-feeling for them." Then he describes how the cattle enjoy their enlargement, and afterwards the pony:—

"She went through the gate on the run. She ate quietly for a couple of minutes, then lay down and had a most satisfactory roll. When she got up, she took a look around the field, squealed, jumped into the air, and began to give an exhibition of energy that I didn't think was in her system. She must have had it in cold storage all winter, for she hadn't been using much of it on the road. She galloped, kicked, and snorted, and I sat down and tried to figure out whether she was snorting at the kick or kicking at the snort. There were times when she had all four feet in the air at once, and looked as if she could have kept four more going. She would gallop round in a circle, then come to a sudden stop and snort. When the echo came back from the woods, it would scare her so that she would start off on the gallop again."

The rural philosopher looks out upon the world as from the Hill of Truth on those wandering in a maze that they cannot understand. "The next great European war," he says, and he means the next from now, "will be fought by soldiers who have nothing left to fight for but a national debt. . . . The great powers of diplomacy are being exerted solely to delay war until the preparations are complete, and they will doubtless delay it so long that the inevitable war will synchronize with a general bankruptcy of the nations." He suggests that Canada's best contribution would be, not Dreadnoughts, but thirty-five million dollars' worth of wheat. How the English farmer would bless that suggestion!

Meanwhile, those in authority who have the task of caring for our victims of the present war could do many worse things than put the victims on the land. There is no land hunger in Canada as here, and a land problem which Mr. McArthur hopes to be solved by attention to the hunger. His advice to individuals looking ahead with terror to the long winter is to see that before another winter they are as well provided as he is with the fruits of their own labor on the land.

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"Because I am a German." By HERMANN FERNAU. Edited, with an Introduction, by T. W. ROLLESTON. (Constable. 2s. 6d. net.)

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London: HUMPHREY MILFORD, Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, E.C. ventive war deserves to meet with the most summary denunciation as a theory fit only for criminals and would-be criminals"; "wars are never engendered by an Immaculate Conception, but by the will to power of individuals"; the present war is a crime committed during the period between July 25rd, 1914, and August 1st, 1914, and the guilt of this crime ought to be investigated in a strictly legal manner by an examination of the documents bearing upon what happened during the period in question; the attitude of German men of learning towards the evidence "is a stain upon the reputation of German scholarship." The chief interest for us of Herr Fernau's exposition, beyond the manliness and sincerity with which it is conducted, is its revelation of what the German people is not thinking about—and will not, unfortunately, be stimulated to think about by Herr Fernau's book, since it was suppressed (the Editor tells us) by the German Censor within three weeks of its publication.

We should like, of course, to know how many people in Germany agree with Herr Fernau in their private thoughts. Herr Fernau is not quite a representative German of his kind, for though he is a genuinely Teutonic Prussian, born at Breslau, and bred there till the age of twenty-one, he has lived latterly (we are not told how many years) in Paris, and written a book there on "The French Democracy." Since the beginning of the war he has resided in Switzerland, and the results of his personal history are apparent in the present work, written during the war on neutral soil.

Herr Fernau is not merely national, but international in his point of view-international in the truest sense, for he has avoided the common failing of patriots who perceive their country's faults, and has not drifted into a partizanship with the other side. "It is clear," he says, "that, in discussing the question of guilt, every conventional patriotic sentiment and prejudice must be laid aside. The present war is a European catastrophe. Therefore, the question of guilt is no longer a national but an international concern. Under these circumstances it would be childish to attempt to conduct the trial from a German, French, English, Russian, or Austrian point of view. Since the war is Russian, or Austrian point of view. European (indeed, we might almost say universal), the inquiry into the question of who is responsible can only be conducted 'in the name of Europe.'" Here Herr Fernau is no longer stating truisms, and when the question of guilt yields precedence to the problem of settlement, his words might well be taken to heart by every belligerent nation.

THE HILLS OF SURREY.

"The Surrey Hills." By F. E. Green. Illustrated b ELLIOTT SEABROOK. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

Though the heart of Surrey is within a shilling return fare of London Bridge (itself, we believe, in Surrey), it has for some purposes an old-world character and a rural beauty hard to match within the borders of the remotest shires. White Hill, about the nearest point touched upon by Mr. Green, is, he says, "as little known to the motorist as the Himalayas." In Friday Street he finds "at least one village of exquisite beauty in southern England, through which no motor can tear." At Abinger Mr. Nevinson said "This is Norway," and Mr. Green agrees, except that the melancholy wildness of Norway is absent and a more intimate and sentimental beauty is present. Dropped from a balloon on Pitch Hill, we "might guess we were in North Derbyshire."

These places, except the first, are off the chalk. The chalk hills of Surrey defy comparison of any kind. They are Surrey's own. Mr. Green has not a word to say of the "Little Switzerland" valley running down from Headley to Burford, or the little patch of sandstone flora that riots on Headley Heath. They would be all very well beyond Dorking; they are no credit to Meredith-land. He takes us the round of Surrey from Oxted, through Reigate to Box Hill, then on to the sandstone for Leith Hill and Hindhead, then back to Merrow Downs and along the Hog's Back to Farnham. He tries to treat all with impartiality, and we believe that he thinks he likes Leith Hill better than the rest. But, purple as the sandstone hills are with heather, and plain and dry as the chalk is, somehow the traveller's

eye seems richer when it travels "wave after wave of green hills frothed with foliage," or "Black Down riding out into measureless mist."

Like a gentler Cobbett, Mr. Green likes to see the people of the country and look into their economic and social condition wherever he goes. He finds no place like the village tap-room for this purpose. Here he waits till the conversa-tion "drifts round" to stag-hunting, and he rejoices tion "drifts round" to stag-hunting, and he rejoices to find that there is no good word said for this alleged sport. And he finds almost more incredible things than Cobbett found, as that at Ewhurst, with wages at 16s. to 18s., laborers are housed in iron buildings at a rent of 5s. and 6s. a week. People of all kinds interest him, from the millionaire in his big mansion among the hills to evicted Jemima who stayed for years in a tent of sacks after she had been turned out of her hovel, and from the Danes that fought at Hockley to Diana of the Crossways, her creator, and his friends the Sunday tramps. The hills take savor from them all and their doings. Mr. Green writes most interestingly about them, though some of his stories are a little thin. His language is so vigorous and true that we protest with some hope against the verb "to vision." It is not only used, almost allowably, for remote objects like Canterbury pilgrims, but Mr. Green frequently visions " a landscape.

The book is far better than a mere guide-book to the hills. It is fresh with the south-west wind, rosy with human sympathy, rife with an infectiousness for beauty that makes us more glad of our Surrey hills than ever we were. The delicate drawings and wash pictures of Mr. Seabrook are entirely in keeping. They show nothing of Norway or North Derbyshire, but a great and inspiring variety of typical Surrey scenery.

A CRITIC OF LIFE.

"Edward Carpenter." By EDWARD LEWIS. (Methuen. 5s.

To the many who beneath the ravages of war perceive a collapse of the rational and moral supports of our civilization, we commend this book of Mr. Lewis. For Edward Carpenter has deeper, wiser, and more healing thoughts to offer by way of "criticism of life" than any other modern English writer. To speak of him as a "prophet with a message" is not a happy account of his rôle. And yet no one of our time is more truly inspired both to see and to tell what he sees. It is generally best to leave such a man to be his own expositor. But there are special circumstances in his case which justify the work which Mr. Lewis has done with such admirable skill and sympathy. When Edward Carpenter published his early work on "Towards Democracy," it was easy to disparage him as an imitator of Walt Whitman, and his essay, "Civilization: Its Cause and Cure," assisted by its title to give an air of captious humor to what was a plain and valuable piece of social interpretation. Carpenter went deeper than Ruskin and Morris, or than Thoreau and Whitman, into the defects of our civilization, and though he is not exactly a constructive thinker or reformer, his views and valuations lie at the root of all effective reconstruction. He stands for the wholeness of personality. This involves a perception of the false severances and antinomies of body and spirit, of the individual and society, of humanity and the cosmic whole. "Towards Democracy" has somewhat obscured the fullness of Carpenter's meaning by seeming to over-stress the social harmony, though, as Mr. Lewis shows, the wider teaching to which more formal utterance is given in "The Art of Creation" is all contained in the poetic vision of the earlier work. Those who have been reading William James, Tagore, and Bergson will return with a new zest to "Towards Democracy," which in its fuller, later zest to "Towards Democracy," which in its fuller, later shape will, we think, come, however slowly, to be recognized as a greater contribution to the understanding of the art of life than any other writing of its time. This will doubtless seem a somewhat wildly extravagant appreciation to many who think they have read enough of Carpenter to know "where to place him." We venture, however, to think that not a few who may be led to re-read him by this exceedingly fine interpretation of Mr. Lewis will recognize that Carpenter has greater things to show them than they thought.

